Guttermouth "My Chemical Imbalance"

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Ah, there's gonna be a killing A killing, killing, killing Drugs are not for healing That guy just ate meat, a-wow!

There's gonna be a beating A beating, beating The kids are on acid And they're marching down the streets

It's my chemical imbalance
Yeah, my head is stuffed with drugs
Zoloft keeps me even
Being straight-edge rather sucks
There is no telling what could happen
If my gang was on to me

The bullets are a-shooting A shooting, shooting, shooting Paco plucked a pollo That he plans to eat

Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck

There's gonna be a juicing A juicing, juicing, juicing I'm sober, but I'm pooping

Gorge my colon full of prunes

GO GET MORE PRUNES!

It's my chemical imbalance Yeah, my head is stuffed with drugs Zoloft keeps me even Being straight-edge rather sucks There is no telling what could happen If my gang was on to me

Well, I was peeing in my room and I was staring at the wall

And I was thinking about everything, but, then again, I

was thinking about nothing
When my same-sex parents walked in and started squealing
Mark! Mike! No, Mark! We've been noticing you've been having a lot of problems, lately
And we think it'd be in your best interest if we put you on Selective Seretonin Reuptake Inhibitors
And I said, "What the fuck is a Selective Seretonin Reuptake Inhibitor?
Why don't you stick it up your ass like your boyfriend!
And who the hell is this Zoloft guy?
Some new German, third-party, whathaveyou, weird sexual experience?
Just give me a cookie!"

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